O, the diuell take ſuch cooſeners, God forgiue me,
Good vncle tell your tale, I haue done.
Wor. Nay, if you haue not, to it againe,
VVe will ſtay your leyſure.
Hot. I haue done yfaith.
Wor. Then once more to y our Scottiſh priſoners,
Deliuer them vp without their ranſome ſtraight,
And make the Dowglas ſonne your onely meane
For powers in Scotland, which for diuers reaſons
VVhich I ſhall ſend you written, be aſſurde
Will eaſily be granted you my Lord.
Your ſonne in Scotland being thus employed
Shall ſecretly into the boſome creepe
Of that ſame noble Prelate welbelou'd
The Archbiſhop.
Hot. Of Yorke, is it not?
Wor. True, who bears hard
His brothers death at *Briſtow* the Lord *Scroope*:
I ſpeak not this in eſtimation,
As what I thinke might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and ſet downe,
And onely ſtaies but to be hold the face
Of that occaſion that ſhall bring it on.
Hot. I ſmell it. Vpon my life it wil do well.
Nor. Before the game is afoote, thou ſtill letſt ſlip.
Hot. VVhy it cannot chooſe but be a noble plot,
And then the power of Scotland and of Yorke,
To ioyne with Mortimer, ha.
Wor. And ſo they ſhall.
Hotſ. In faith it is exceedingly wel aimd.
Wor. and tis no little reaſon bids vs ſpeede,
To ſaue our heads, by raiſing of a head:
For, beare our ſelues as euen as we can,
The King wil alwaies thinke him in our dept,
And thinke we thinke our ſelues vnſatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
And ſee already, how he doth beginne
To make vs ſtrangers to his lookes of loue.

Hotſpurre.

Hot. He does, he does, weele be reueng'd on him.
Wor. Cooſin, Farewel. No further go in this,
Then I by Letters ſhal direct your courſe
VVhen time is ripe, which will be ſuddenly:
Ile ſteale to Glendower, and loe, Mortimer,
VVhere you and Douglas, and our powers at once,
As I wil faſhion it, ſhal happily meete,
To beare our fortunes in our owne ſtrong armes,
VVhich now we hold at much vncertainty.
Nor. Farewel good brother, we ſhal thriue, I truſt.
Hot. Vncle adeu: O let the houres be ſhort,
Till fields, and Blowes, and grones applaud our ſport, *Exeunt.*

Enter a Carrier with a lanterne in his hand.

1 *Car.* Heigh ho, An it be not foure by the day, Ile be hangd, Charles waine is ouer the new chimney, and yet our horſe not packt. VVhat Oſtler?
Oſt. Anon, anon.
1 *Car.* I prethee Tom, beat cuts ſaddle, put a few flockes in the point, poore iade is wrung in the withers, out of al ceſſe.

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Peaſe and beanes are as danke here as a dog, & that is the next way to giue poore iades the bots: this houſe is turned vpſide downe ſince Robin Oſtler died.
1 *Car.* Poore fellow neuer ioyed ſince the price of oats roſe, it was the death of him.
2 *Car.* I thinke this be the moſt vilanous houſe in all London roade for fleas; I am ſtung like a tench.
1 *Car.* Like a tench: by the maſſe there is nere a king chriſten could be better bit, then I haue bin ſince the firſt cocke.
2 *Car.* Why, they will allow vs nere a iordaine, & then wee leake in your chimney, and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.
1 *Car.* What Oſtler, come away and be hangd, come away.
2 *Car.* I haue a gammon of Bacon, and two razes of ginger, to be deliuered as far as Charing Croſſe.
2 *Car.* Gods body, the Turkies in my Panier are quite ſtarued: what Oſtler? a plague on thee, haſt thou neuer an eye in thy head? canſt not heare? & t'were not as good a deed as drinke to

 breake